

THE WHITE LETTER

*A TALE OF RETRIBUTION
AND REWARD*

BY
MRS. EVA ROSE YORK
TORONTO, CANADA

"That we might know the things that are freely given to us by God"

TORONTO:
WILLIAM BRIGGS

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LOVINGLY DEDICATED
TO
The Dear Girls
WHO HAVE BEEN AND ARE AND
YET WILL BE WITH ME
IN
REDEMPTION HOME
TORONTO.

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The White Letter.

CHAPTER I.

THE BALL AT ELMS.

ELMS was a summer resort at which the season began as soon as a few pleasure-seekers could gather together, and lasted until everyone became tired of everyone else and separations took place for the benefit of all. The guests at Elms were a class by themselves. They belonged neither to the aristocracy of birth nor to the aristocracy of brains. Nor did they belong wholly to the aristocracy of wealth. Some of them had money in their own name; others, in some one else's name; others still had no money at all, but appeared to have a great deal. But, as an occasional star may be seen in a cloudy sky, there was found here and there a good soul at Elms, one who grew weary of the ball when the music was highest and longed for home when the season was yet young.

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It was late in September when the event of the season was announced—a ball to which everyone was invited, and in preparation for which money was lavishly spent.

For the most part the guests gathered promptly, for no one was detained by business, or philanthropy, or home ties, or religious exercises. The ball was the centre of vision and everything else in life had, for the time, lost its lustre.

One solitary belated guest, having been detained by a refractory collar and tie, lifted his eyes at a distance and beheld Renford House ablaze with light, while his ears caught the strains of most bewitching airs.

"Magnificent!" he exclaimed, and raising his arm over his head shook to the night air the fragrance of heliotrope concealed in a new pair of gloves.

This man, Harvey Secord, was the man among men at Elms. He was affable, he was dexterous, he was magnanimous—when he was not a loser thereby. He was Byronic in sentiment, but for the ears of the guileless he employed the melodies of Mendelssohn and the harmonies of Beethoven. He could sing an air from an opera with a pathos or a gusto that made every baritone who listened green with envy. He could give a scene from Shakespeare with such dramatic effect that men would shudder and women would turn pale. He could

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win in a game, no one knew how, but win he could and win he would. He could toss a pebble to a small boy with a god-like grace and ease that henceforth would make him of that boy's horizon the unclouded sun. He could lift to his own the face of an innocent girl and answer her pure eyes with a smile that would hold her soul in captivity as hopeless as the bondage of a galley-slave. He was given the most vindictive horse in the chase, and he took the oars when the winning skiff neared the rapids. He led in the dance, was best man at the marriage, and wore the longest face at the funeral. He encouraged youth, counselled manhood, and cheered old age. Harvey was a god at Elms.

The fourth dance was over when Mr. Secord entered the ball-room. Immediately all eyes were upon him, and it was not long before the hero was surrounded by a bevy of young ladies and their mammas, which mammas, however, were compelled to chaperon their daughters at arm's length, so impregnable was the fortification of popularity which this man had built about himself. And the dance went on.

In a corner of the room sat a man alone, middle-aged, with kindly face. His eyes were upon the floor, and he crushed in his hand a gilt-edged programme. A tall, thin girl of seventeen walked across the room somewhat wearily, and seating her-

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self beside the lonely man took his hand and said :

"Papa, what do you think! Mamma and the girls are insisting upon that Mr. Secord coming to see us in town, and I cannot like him, can you?"

"Not easily, Laura dear, not easily."

"Then we need not have him, need we?"

"It must be as your mother wishes."

"Must it?" inquired the girl. "Well, I just hate this place. You take me back to town like a dear good Papa, Joyce, and let Mamma and the girls stay. And you said that perhaps Cousin Eleanor would come to see us this winter. Do you think she will come, father? She must be so lonely since aunt and uncle died."

Palmer Joyce was silent for a moment, but being pressed for an answer, replied :

"Eleanor will not come this winter, my child, not this winter. Come out into the gardens with me." And April and October left the room together.

The dance went on, and the hours sped all too quickly for the pleasure-seekers. But toward morning the richest harmonies began to be discordant. Light feet grew heavy ; flushed cheeks grew pale. The word of flattery was not spoken, men and women began to be themselves, being too weary to play a part. The lights were dim. The wine was gone.

Mr. Secord had been assisted to a carriage and was seating himself clumsily and sullenly, when a

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young recruit of the King's army, one in real sorrow over lost souls, stepped up to the carriage and offered Harvey an illustrated tract. Harvey crushed the paper into a ball and threw it upon the seat in front of him. It lodged in the folds of a light overcoat. When he reached his rooms he gathered his coat into his arms, and making an effort to walk as the god at Elms should walk, he entered the door without having forfeited all claim to the distinction he had won. But the tract went with him.

Mr. Secord slept until noon. He then prepared himself to appear as a gentleman should appear, but before leaving his rooms he spread out before him, on a table, the crumpled paper. The illustration was graphic, and under it were found these words: "The way of the transgressor is hard; choose ye this day whom ye will serve."

Harvey studied the picture for a moment. At first his face wore a look of intense interest, which soon gave place to one of contempt and that to one of merriment. He threw the paper aside lightly and said with composure and dignity, "I'll choose what I like." And he did.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE ROAD TO THE JUNCTION.

WHILE Harvey Secord, the glittering lode-star of the ball at Elms, was darting his rays into pure and impure hearts ; and while Papa Joyce, under Renford trees, was resurrecting for Laura the buried hopes and ambitions of his youth, a young woman, weak and weary, was travelling the dusty road leading to Elms. In her arms slept a baby girl five weeks old. An unmistakable air of refinement distinguished the young woman from the girl of the street. She was well clad, but her dress was modest.

As she neared Renford House she crossed to the opposite side of the street and walked quickly until she reached a low tree some distance from the roadside. Here she rested. Although partly concealed by the overhanging branches, she had an unobstructed view, through open windows, of the ball-room across the way. She did not hear the music ; she did not see the elaborate costumes of gay and graceful ones passing in the dance. She saw, only, one man as he bent to whisper tender words. A pang of unutterable grief and remorse

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shot through her heart. Springing to her feet, she held her babe at arm's length and cried, "See, you trusted one, see! O Harvey, I believed you!"

As Eleanor stood in sharp contrast to the scene before her, the babe gave a smothered cry. The young mother folded it in her arms tenderly, breathed a prayer for patience and strength, and went on her solitary way.

She walked quickly until out of sight of the scene of festivity. It was only three miles to the station, and she could easily reach the Junction in time to catch the night train for Starton. Mother-love is a mighty propelling power, and the young woman forgot her weariness in the thought of her babe. The hour was late and the way was dark, but with a courage that only the good can know the girl walked on and on, crossing the road occasionally in the hope of finding a smoother path. The stillness of the night air was becoming oppressive, when it was broken by the rumbling of wheels in the distance. The sound was not altogether unwelcome, and yet it added to the young woman's sense of loneliness and helplessness. Was it a friend or a foe who now came so near that she could hear his voice:

"Git ep, Jen! Git ep! git ep!"

The man slackened his driving as he passed the girl, and in a moment she heard, in a low but kindly tone, a long-drawn-out "W-h-o-a!"

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There was nothing for the young mother to do but to answer truthfully any questions put to her. And the first one was :

"Going far, missus?"

"Only to the Junction, thank you."

"Live there, eh?"

"O no! I expect to take a train there."

"Have you walked far?"

"From a mile or two the other side of Elms. I was driven that far."

"And you'll be driven the rest of the way if you will give me the pleasure," answered farmer Johnson, who rose leisurely and began to make ready a comfortable seat.

"No, thank you," replied the mother; "I would not think of troubling you so. I am not tired."

"Tired? You're half dead carrying that baby and all that luggage. Come on, give me the child and climb up. You're as safe here as at your own fireside—exactly as safe as at your own fireside. This waggon ain't any too comfortable," continued the farmer as he tucked the thin lap robe around his new charge, "but I'll drive as easy as possible, and we'll get there in time. There now, off we go. Come on now, Jen, git ep, there! git ep!"

A few moments were passed in silence, then the farmer asked :

"Going to meet your husband?"

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"No," was the low reply.

Another silence, and the farmer inquired in a tone of great reverence :

"He ain't dead, is he?"

"No, no!" replied the young mother.

And there was anguish so unmistakable in her tone that the farmer said to himself, "There's trouble somewhere."

A still longer silence followed, broken occasionally by : "Come on, Jen! Git ep, old girl, git ep, git ep!"

At last the farmer inquired :

"Well—ah—he ain't left you, has he?"

The girl struggled visibly with emotion, and dropped her head upon the head of her babe as she said :

"I never had a husband."

The farmer gave the reins such a sharp jerk that old Jen stood still, and her driver exclaimed in amazement :

"My land o' goodness, poor girl! God help you. Now ain't that a caution! Git ep, Jen."

And Jen moved on slowly, oblivious to the weight of sorrow with which she was now associated.

Farmer Johnson belonged to that class of persons who talk in large instalments. For the most part he was very uncommunicative, but when once really interested in a subject he could do justice to

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it in so far as a copious phraseology was concerned. His interest was now awakened, his sympathies were touched, and he inquired :

"Did he help you any?"

"No," answered the girl.

"Didn't? The vagabond! How did you manage?"

"I have a very kind uncle who helped me."

"Well, well, it beats all! Do you live around these parts?"

"Not very far away."

"I suppose you'd rather not tell me your name?"

"Prince."

"Prince? Do tell! But then I s'pose you ain't no relation to Lawyer Prince. By the way, he died terrible sudden. But I guess he was ready, even if he was a lawyer. And his wife wasn't very long following him. She was some relation of the Joyces in Starton. My aunt used to say that if there was an angel on earth it was Mrs. Prince. (Git ep, Jen!) But I guess she's an angel all right now; or no, not an angel either, for angels ain't like saints that have been forgiven, and that sing 'Worthy is the Lamb that hath been slain.' The angels can't sing that."

The farmer's companion had been quietly brushing away the tears that gathered in spite of her best efforts at self-control, and for a few moments

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the conversation was a one-sided one between farmer Johnson and old Jen.

"I wonder how we are off for time?" said the farmer at length. "Oh, I guess we're all right. But what are you going to do? I hope you don't feel discouraged. Folks dead?"

"Yes," answered the young mother, and added that the outlook was not very bright, and yet she was thankful that she could see even one step before her. She was going to Elim Home, in Starton.

"Well," said the farmer, "I have a girl of my own, the best daughter God ever gave to a father, and she would receive you as a sister. No nonsense in Alice. Her heart is too full of the love of Christ to go around suspecting folks of being worse than they are. And I tell you right here that our home is your home if you ever need it. We have everything comfortable—this old rig is just for knocking about in. Alice is edgacated and is good company. Anybody east of Elms will tell you where Albert Johnson lives. And there is Gertrude Morrington in Starton. If you ever want a friend, hunt her up. You can find her easy—the wife of Professor Arthur Morrington, who used to be in some big college there. She was a sister to my Alice. Those two women (now, Jen, come on, old girl, git ep!) those two women lived on the farm next to my father's. They were both sent away to

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be edgacated and came home terrible smart women. Gertrude married the Professor and went to town. Alice stayed on the farm. Her and I was always paired off at the bees, and she always sat in front with me when I drove at the sleighing parties. But after she was edgacated I thought I didn't dare speak, although sometimes I thought I could risk my life to know the worst, I was that oneasy. Something happened one day (git ep! git ep!) to make me think that Alice did care for me, an' I spoke right out, manly and strong. And I'll never forget how she laid her white hand on mine and said,—and she spoke her words beautiful:

“‘Albert,’ she said, ‘edgacation isn't everything. The heart must find its home.’

“She said no more, but went out and picked a bunch of flower for me to take to mother. Mother was blind, but flowers is flowers even to a blind woman.

“It wasn't long before we were married, and as long as mother lived she called Alice her daylight. Bye an' bye God sent us little Alice, and then a little boy. We lost our boy. Little Alice grew up and was sent away to school and came back lovelier than ever. Then she promised herself to Mark Cornell's son. A splendid fellow was George. His farm was on the concession back of us. They were to be married in September, and one day he came galloping up with his horse's head trimmed

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with mountain-ash berries. He brought some presents and things for Alice. When he went away we all stood at the gate waving him 'good-by,' and he rode off like the wind. But just as he turned Nelles's Corner his horse stumbled over a log in the road, and George was thrown against a rock and killed instantly. We thought she'd never be the same again, but after a while she brightened up wonderful. And when my own Alice sickened and died, I guess I couldn't have borne it if I hadn't had my other Alice left. And George is all right. She'll see him again, of course."

Old Jen had had things her own way during the farmer's rehearsal of his joys and sorrows, but her time had now come to be at her best.

"Now," said the farmer, "I must look at my watch. Whoa! I have a match, if you'll hold these lines. She's all right, but I never was a hand to let the reins go dangling around a mare's heels. Let's see, now—wait till the match burns up—twenty, twenty-two minutes to eleven. Lard o' goodness, we'll just get there, and that's all."

Having assured himself that the mother and babe were comfortable, Albert Johnson spoke a few emphatic words to Jen which she fully understood, tightened the reins, and the good "old girl" started off with a speed that, in Albert's mind, would have done credit to the pride of an Arab. The remainder of the journey was made in silence. When the

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Junction was reached the farmer lifted to the platform very carefully his precious burden, and bidding her God-speed left in her hand a bank-note and urged her not to forget that she had a home whenever she needed one. Then seating himself in the waggon he drove off leisurely with "Git ep, Jen,—git ep!"

CHAPTER III.

THE SHADOW OF A GREAT ROCK.

THE journey from the Junction to Starton was a short one, and before midnight the weary traveller found herself at the door of Elim Home. Upon the outer door she read "COME IN." The young woman entered and found an inner door, upon which fell the light of a night lamp above her head. Over the door glittered the words, "For Christ's sake," and underneath them she read : "And they came to Elim where were twelve springs of water, and threescore and ten palm trees, and they encamped there by the waters."

There was a large number encamping by the waters at Elim ; sin-sick ones, sorrow-sick ones, wayward ones and wronged ones. For the most part they were asleep when the stranger was admitted, but here and there through the home could be heard a soft footfall. A sweet-faced nurse glided in and out of an upper room, now turning to hush to sleep a new-born babe, and now to minister lovingly to the new mother. A singing tea-kettle gave the finishing touch of "home" to the large, comfortable kitchen. At the range stood

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a young girl carefully preparing an infant's food, and singing in an undertone :

"What can wash away my stain ?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus."

Mrs. Gray, who was about to retire when the bell rang, received the unfortunate girl kindly.

"Do you wish to remain with us ?" she asked.

"If I may," replied the girl.

"Are you going to keep your baby ?"

"O yes ; I could not part with her."

"Then you may stay, and may God bless you, dear, and lead you in green pastures and beside still waters. As one whom his mother comforteth, so may He comfort you. Your name ?"

"Eleanor Prince," was the reply.

Mrs. Harriet Gray then left the room to return in a few moments with an inviting lunch.

"You look so tired, my poor child," she said.

"Take this, and then I will show you to your room."

When Eleanor entered her room, laid her babe upon the snowy white bed, looked around upon the evidences of motherly love which she found everywhere, she saw, through them, the great loving heart of God, and her own heart reproached her that there should ever have been a moment during the past months of anguish in which she could have doubted God's forgiveness and compassion, and love for, and care over, her. She lifted her eyes to

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the wall and read : "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow ; though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool." And on the opposite wall she read : "Forgetting the things which are behind, and stretching forward to the things which are before, I press on."

That night Eleanor had the first sweet sleep she had had for months. In the morning she arose promptly at the sound of the rising bell, and at half-past seven was shown to the cheery prayer-room where Mrs. Gray met her with the mother-kiss and the mother-love.

"Girls," she said, addressing those around her, "here is another sister come to us. I know you will do all that you can to make her happy. This is Eleanor."

The greeting from the girls was cordial, several of them rising to offer their new sister a seat. Eleanor took the chair nearest her and looked around upon her companions. There were mothers with babes in their arms, there were mothers whose babes were asleep in the comfortable beds upstairs, and there were coming mothers in whose eye the tear was not yet dry. There was the sweet-faced nurse holding a babe who returned her smile, and there was Mrs. Gray, now turning the leaves of the hymn-book.

The day began with praise, and the old story ever new was again earnestly told to eager listeners.

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After breakfast the day's work was begun, and in the laundry, the sewing-room, the nursery, the kitchen, feet moved swiftly, hands worked skilfully, and hearts beat lightly to the tune of the songs of Jesus heard in all parts of the Home. And Eleanor repeated to herself, "Twelve springs of water and threescore and ten palm trees." The day's work was finished at five o'clock; the working dress gave place to a better one; fresh flowers were picked for the long family table, and then came another welcome hour of prayer and praise.

After tea Eleanor found her way to the garden, and lifting her eyes she beheld the western sky radiant with that indescribable crimson and vermillion found so often in autumnal sunsets. Above the bed of fire large white clouds floated over the deep blue, hurrying on to the east to stand as sentinels to guard the breaking day. The western breeze brushed by Eleanor's hot cheek, carrying with it the fragrance of the last flowers of summer.

"Oh, my home, my home!" cried the girl, and covered her face with her hands.

Mrs. Gray, upon whom now "only the sorrows of others cast their shadow," had followed Eleanor, and hearing her outburst of grief said tenderly, "Tell me about it, my child."

"Oh, Mrs. Gray," replied the girl, "it was on just such an evening as this, a year ago now, that I experienced the happiest hour of my life. We had

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had a day of unalloyed joy at home, and I remember rushing into the garden to meet just such a sunset as this, and exclaiming, 'Can heaven be any happier than our home, or the city of gold any lovelier than this?' That night father died, with scarcely a moment's warning. Seven weeks later mother died, and I went out to meet a loveless world. I had been converted two years before, and if I only had kept close to my Lord I might, perhaps, have been happy again sometime. But I felt so alone that I allowed myself to be drawn into the companionship of godless ones, and before many weeks had passed I was steeped in the bitterest sorrow that can come into any life. Homeless, betrayed, deserted! It was dark; and when I looked for the light of the countenance of God and could not see it, the grief was unutterable. I wondered if the agony of the lost could be greater. But Christ, whose mind's eye followed the prodigal to the land of swine and husks, followed me in His great love and spoke the word of forgiveness without which I could not have lived. But life can never be the same again."

"Never, dear," answered Mrs. Gray, "never the same again. Your life will either be an infinitely better one because of your fall, or it will be an infinitely worse one. There is one of the cactus family that cannot thrive in the sunshine. Its luxuriant growth and gorgeous coloring are in pro-

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portion to the storms that beat upon it. It is so with the truest hearts. The furnace, child, the fiery furnace, and then the heart of love and compassion."

"Yes, Mrs. Gray," replied Eleanor, "but then the world, and the Church, and everybody! What is a girl to do in trouble like this?"

"The sin is Godward," answered Mrs. Gray. "The disgrace is only worldward. Never mind the world. It hated the Saviour before it hated you, and if your life be hid with Christ in God, the world cannot hurt you. From now until you see Him face to face let your life centre around your risen Saviour, and the world will be nothing to you. It will add nothing to your joy, and it will take nothing from it. Who painted the sunset to-night, Eleanor, and who gave beauty and fragrance to this flower? There was a dark cloud in the west not long ago, but look at the sky now. Last spring a very ugly-looking bulb was planted just here at my feet, but see the flower to-night. My dear child, He who painted the sunset can gild your to-morrow with glory notwithstanding the gloom of yesterday. And He who gave beauty and fragrance to the flower, He it was who buried your sin-stained heart in the cold grave of remorse and sorrow, only to bring it into a resurrection life of marvellous beauty. God has His best gifts for any who will take them. Let me urge you, Eleanor, to be satisfied with nothing less than the heavenly

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places in Christ Jesus, knowing not only the fellowship of His sufferings but also the power of His resurrection."

"Mother, dear," replied the girl with earnestness, "to-night I can almost hope for the better things."

And Mrs. Gray urged, "I want you not only to hope for better things, but to ask God for better things, and to claim by faith that which He is more anxious to give than you can possibly be to receive. And then—to use your own words, but with different meaning—life will never be the same again."

Mrs. Gray then directed Eleanor's attention to a small letter which she held in her hand.

"This letter," she said, "stands for Christ, the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world. And it stands for converted,—born again, a new creation in Christ Jesus. It stands for cleansed,—washed whiter than snow in the Fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness. It stands for consecrated,—set apart for Him and Him only in the power of the indwelling Spirit. And it stands for crucified,—crucified with Christ, dead to the old life, dead to self, dead to the world, but risen with Christ and seated with Him in the heavenly places. Converted, cleansed, consecrated, crucified! When you can conscientiously do so before God, wear this letter where only yourself and God can see it; and let it remind you continuously of your inheritance in the risen Saviour."

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Mrs. Gray then put into Eleanor's hand the letter.

The conversation was interrupted at this point by the arrival of Nurse Muriel, who came into the garden with the light of heaven in her eyes, with music in her low voice, and with purity and peace in her once broken heart.

"Mother," she said, addressing Mrs. Gray, "Mrs. Holton is in the reception room waiting to see you."

This message was of importance, and Eleanor returned to her room as the crimson streak in the west was deepening into purple.

It was a quiet hour, and the thought of all that the white letter represented pressed heavily upon the heart of the penitent girl. She knew that God had not cast her off, even when she had wandered farthest from Him. She knew that she was blood-bought and could never perish. She was conscious of the forgiveness of all past sins. And yet how unlovely her heart seemed now as she looked into it by the brighter light that creeps into lives of renunciation. She had known that David prayed, "Create in me a clean heart"; and she had known the promise that God is "faithful and just," not only "to forgive," but also "to cleanse." But she had been satisfied with the forgiveness of sin, and had not seen her need of cleansing. It is only by the light of the indwelling, reigning Holy Spirit that the Christian can see his heart as God sees it.

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God was now revealing to Eleanor the truth that if her heart had been clean, as well as her life blameless, she would have been spared not only her fall, but also her temptation. The idol does not discover his clay feet to purity. This was God's teaching to Eleanor in that quiet hour, and falling prostrate before Him she pleaded the cleansing efficacy of the blood of Jesus and the washing of the Word; and claimed by faith the purity and holiness of the Christ who "was made unto us wisdom from God and righteousness and sanctification and redemption." She prayed until the clouds that hid the brightness of His glory were all dispelled, and arose from her knees not only converted but cleansed, having been chastened for her profit that she might be a partaker of His holiness. Thus was taken faith's initial step in the life of sanctification. And then on the horizon of her spiritual vision she hung, side by side, two lights: one, a red light,—danger: "If we say that we have no sin we deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us"; and the other a white light,—victory and glory: "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." "That we should be holy and without blemish before him in love."

CHAPTER IV.

A HARVEST.

WHEN Mrs. Gray entered the house three or four girls crowded around her and said excitedly, "Mother, Crazy Lucy is here!"

"Girls," replied the mother, sadly, "how often I have asked you not to speak of Mrs. Holton in that way."

"But they call her 'Crazy Lucy,'" urged Mercy.

"That is no reason why we should do so," replied Mrs. Gray. "Mrs. Holton is a little peculiar in one way, but she is a noble woman and worthy the highest respect of those who speak lightly of her. She is no more crazy than are half the people in the world, only she fails to hide her eccentricities."

Mrs. Holton waited impatiently in the reception room, her pale face paler than usual beneath its crown of prematurely grey hair.

Mrs. Gray hurried to her, assured her of her welcome, and, knowing her errand, led her at once to the nursery.

"Most of the babies are downstairs with the mothers," said Mrs. Gray. "Here are five. You

A HARVEST

have seen those two. These three are new since you were here last."

Mrs. Gray drew down the snowy-white coverlid and the visitor bent over three chubby little ones dressed with the greatest care and beautiful enough to be the children of kings and queens.

"I'll rock my baby, my baby dear," said Mrs. Holton, tremulously, as she took in her arms one of the infants and rocked it vigorously, while Mrs. Gray moved about the room as if in the performance of important duties. At length she said :

"I think we had better go down now."

"Very well," replied the sad-faced lady. "I may come again?"

"Oh, yes, after a little time," answered the mother at Elim, and she accompanied her friend to the door.

That the reader may become acquainted with this somewhat strange personage, we shall go back a few years in the history of Mrs. Holton.

Twenty-five miles south of Starton there is a tract of land that yields its harvests most abundantly. Nineteen years previous to the time of which I write, the farms of Gordon Phillips and of Matthew Holton joined each other. The homesteads were the scenes of many joys and few sorrows. There was sorrow in the world in those days, but it rarely visited the farms of Hartled township. The farmers were intelligent and

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industrious ; their wives were economical but hospitable ; their children were educated. There were no gossiping neighbors, and no mortgages to disturb the peace of the households. There was no rivalry in Hartled society, and no murmurings nor disputings in the little chapel that guarded the graveyard. There was peace over the landscape ; peace in the home ; peace in the heart.

Manly Holton was the eldest son of the Holton family. Lucy was the second daughter of Gordon and Margaret Phillips. She was a talented girl who preferred the loves and labors of the school-room to the even tenor of farm life. When the marriage of these two young persons was consented to by both families, it was on condition that the marriage should not take place for two years. There were financial considerations. In the meantime that adversary of God and man, that malignant, subtle, fierce and cruel one, appeared as an angel of light, as he had done millions of times before, and is still doing and will continue to do, and with one blast of his vile breath the lights of life went out to Manly Holton and to Lucy Phillips.

Some months later a closed carriage could have been seen one evening approaching a white brick house, not large, but somewhat pleasing in appearance, just outside the city limits of Starton. One of the occupants of the carriage was closely veiled, and upon her lap lay a sleeping infant,

A HARVEST

"Wait a moment," she said, as her companion moved forward to open the carriage door. "Manly, the world is wide, what matters a farm to you and to me? I can teach the same as before. Be a man and marry me now."

"I can't do it, Lucy. I was a villain to drag you to this, and I'll be true to you from this hour. But if the thing is known I might as well go bury myself. Don't be a coward now since you have been so brave through all the wretched business."

"Now, Manly, please now! I can't give up my baby."

"No, no, not now! The child will be all right, they promise that. Don't be a baby yourself." And Manly Holton sprang from the carriage, rang the bell at the white brick house, returned to the carriage and took his place beside his companion.

The door was answered by a coarse-looking woman with a shawl over her head. She hurried to the carriage and reached for the babe. As she took it from the mother Manly handed her a roll of bank notes, said to the driver excitedly, "Drive on!" and the carriage rolled on in the darkness.

The woman laid the babe upon a dilapidated couch and called hoarsely for one of her associates.

"Helloa!" cried the one who entered the room. "Another brat, eh? How much?"

"An even hundred," answered the woman, as she laid the bills on a table. "But it's worth it."

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Look how fat the thing is! It'll be hard to find a disease to fit that one."

"Indigestion! Indigestion!" laughed the listener. "It'll come to it all right. Here, Nell, take this up to the attic."

Shall we follow the baby, reader? Come on. These rooms upon the second floor are the sleeping rooms of the household. They are pleasant enough. Come farther. The stairs leading to the attic are winding and narrow. It is very dark here: be careful. Yes, the air is bad; but you will not be asked to remain long in the attic. Here we are. Now see what can be seen by the dim light carried by Nell. This part of the attic is lathed and plastered, and there is an apology for a window. It might allow a little daylight to enter if it were washed. But never mind the window, here are the babies—eleven of them—some on old chairs, four on a canvas camp bed, two there on the floor. Are you ill? The air is stifling, and that odor is indeed objectionable. But wait a moment. Nell is ignorant of our presence, so watch her. A bed is made on a box for the new baby. It is placed on its left side, and covered with an unwashed blanket. Now look into the faces of the babies. They were indeed babies once, although now there is little resemblance to anything human. Eleven bundles of bones, with skin lying over them loosely. They are too weak to cry. One there is trying to moan, and another

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one here. Come over to No. 5. Draw aside the cloth that covers its face. What a sight! And its dear little body is in a like condition. Here is one gasping in its struggles with bronchial croup. It is dying of course; why not? Here is one sleeping quietly, but starvation is written on every feature of its face. That noise? Oh, that is only No. 9 in a convulsion. See this one—No 7. Oh, the darling! It is trying to stretch to us its bony arms. Can you bear any more? What is Nell doing? Quickly now; see? She is throwing that old garment over the face of No. 6. God help us; it is dead! Hurry away, unless you would go mad with pity and grief. Hurry away; but hush! Say nothing. We live in a free country.

Manly and Lucy were married at the appointed time, and went to live on their own farm. They were happy in that they loved each other, were true to each other, and had a common sorrow. The years went by, and they looked for a little one; but none came. The silence in the home became unbearable. Manly purchased another farm, and brought into Lucy's life every comfort that love could suggest. But she would waken at midnight and say, "I want my child; I want my baby."

At length she was seized with an uncontrollable desire to search for her child. Her health began to give way, and Manly proposed that they sell their farms and move to the city. The family physician also advised this.

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They came to Starton, and began their hopeless search. They went at once to the white brick house just outside the city limits. Some years before Mrs. Doyle had moved. Manly and Lucy could not learn where, but she was supposed to be still in the business. No one was living in the house. The windows were broken, and one door had fallen in. It was not known who the landlord was, but the neighbors said the house was haunted.

The parents thought that perhaps the child could be found by advertising. In the palm of its left hand there had been the mark of a small bee. Money was freely spent in this way, but without result.

The mental agony became greater and greater. Sometimes Lucy would stop a mother on the street, take the babe from the mother's arms, and hold it to her breast frantically. So terrible was the inner conflict that Mrs. Holton began to be called by vulgar people, "Crazy Lucy." But she was not crazy. Into what agony of heartbreak, into what unutterable mental anguish one may be ushered because of sin; and to what cruel tension the suffering mind may be strung, and not give way, only God knows. Lucy passed through it all; and no pen can picture the awful misery of a soul near the border of that dark land which is darker than the grave. Mr. Holton was bearing his share of the suffering. His form was bent, and his hair was turning grey.

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At the time of Mrs. Holton's visits to Elim, to lavish upon the babes there her mother-love, she was fast failing in general health. She still kept up her search for her child, and after each fruitless effort she would rock to and fro, singing plaintively—

“Reaping a harvest of sorrow,
Sorrow, sorrow,
Reaping a harvest of sorrow,
Baby dear.
Bitter has been the to-morrow,
Bitter, bitter,
Bitter has been the to-morrow,
Baby dear;
Reaping a harvest of sorrow,
Baby, baby dear.”

Not long after the visit to Elim recorded in this chapter Mrs. Holton became very ill. Her life was despaired of. But upon regaining consciousness she called for her husband and said:

“Manly, our baby is dead, and I am going to live for others. Will you?”

“Yes, darling,” he answered, “if you can forgive me.”

“Dear heart,” she whispered, “the past is buried. Our baby is with the Lord Jesus.”

And these two began the new life together.

CHAPTER V.

GOD SPEAKS TO PETER HINCKS

FIVE years previous to the time of which I am writing, Professor Arthur Morrington and his wife Gertrude were sitting together in their library. In an adjoining room a boy and a girl—Clarence and Madeline, aged respectively eleven and nine—entertained each other with amateur performances upon musical instruments.

"Do what I can," said the professor, "I cannot shake off the conviction that this is God's voice to us."

"I have believed it for a long time," said Mrs. Morrington, "and I am ready. It may mean a sacrifice, but can we really follow Him without sacrifice?"

"The Word says not," answered the husband, "and if you are ready, I am. 'There hath not failed one word of all His good promise,' and the promise is, 'My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory in Christ Jesus.' Surely we can trust Him."

"We can and we will," replied the wife.

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A week later there was great consternation in Starton University. Professor Morrington, who for many years had filled, with remarkable efficiency, the chair of sciences, was about to sever his connection with that university. If he were going to better himself the change would not be wondered at. But to think that a man like Morrington should choose the slums of Starton to the hallowed halls of his *alma mater*; should touch the lives of the depraved when he might be in fellowship with the brightest intellects; should sacrifice a good salary and start out on an enterprise with not a dollar of financial backing—this was incredible. Had years of scientific research dethroned the man's reason?

The change was made—not without a conflict. "Neither will I offer burnt offerings unto the Lord my God which cost me nothing." But as the days went by the glory light began to fall about the feet of these faithful ones, and the radiance that filled their lives reached into many a dark, Christless home.

The house on Greensward Avenue was sold, and part of the proceeds put into a more humble home on Tenth Street, opposite which home mission rooms were purchased and fitted up. A few earnest workers gathered around these disciples of the Lord Jesus, and before many weeks had passed the work of the mission had well begun.

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"Our money is almost gone," Arthur Morrington remarked to his wife at the close of three months of service.

"Father is rich," answered Gertrude, reverently, "and He says: 'Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.'"

And so the work of faith was begun. At the end of four months Arthur and Gertrude had not one dollar which they could call their own. The needs of their home and the mission were to be supplied, and two children were to be educated. Could it be that they had made a mistake? Was it possible that they had not fully realized their duty to their children? And had they forgotten that a soul in Starton University is as precious as a soul on Sixteenth Street?

Arthur and Gertrude looked at each other in just one moment of doubt; then came the thought that God had said "Go!" And when God says "Go," He also says, "Certainly I will be with thee." And he who has God has all things.

During the first year the testings were many and sharp. Again and again there was no food in the house and no money in the treasury. But deliverance always came, and never too late.

One day, early in the second year, it pleased God to again try these co-workers with Him. Gertrude knew that the children would come from school as

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hungry as wolves ; and the larder and the treasury were empty. But had not God promised that bread and water would be sure ?

Mrs. Morrington spent all the afternoon in prayer. Surely God would hear. The work was His, not theirs ; and they were His, not their own.

The children came from school, and rushing to their mother's room, exclaimed :

"We didn't have half enough dinner, mother. Is there anything to eat ?"

"Wait until tea-time, children, please." And the "Peace, be still !" that smiled through love-lit eyes brought calm to the troubled waters.

The dining-room clock struck the half-hour between five and six. Gertrude closed her door and reminded God that her children were hungry. She opened her book and read, "The young lions do lack and suffer hunger, but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing." She believed God, and went downstairs to make ready the table, singing as she arranged the empty dishes :

"Tho' vine nor figtree neither
Their wonted fruit should bear ;
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there ;
Yet God, the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice ;
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice."

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Mr. Morrington entered the door as Gertrude finished singing.

"Has the Lord sent anything?" he inquired, with expectation.

"Not yet," answered the wife; "but 'He faileth not.'"

Then the four knelt together in a little group near the table. As they were praying the clock struck six, but nothing came. Hymns of thanksgiving were sung, and again prayer was offered. The children grew restless. Food was a necessity now, for they were really hungry. Mr. Morrington took from his pocket the Book, and read:

"If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ask whatsoever ye will, and it shall be done unto you." "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven."

Again supplication was made to Him who noteth even the sparrow's fall, and to whom the prayers of His blood-bought ones now ascended as sweet incense. A stanza—

"And He who feeds the ravens
Will give His children bread"

had been sung heartily, when a violent ring of the door-bell was heard.

"Praise the Lord!" exclaimed Gertrude, as she arose and lit a candle. The children fell against

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each other in their haste to receive the good that they knew was near, and the father breathed a prayer of thanksgiving as he rose from his knees to open the door.

"Is this where Mr. Morrington lives?" inquired a big, brusque farmer.

"It is, brother," was the reply.

"Well," said the stranger, "my name is Peter Hincks. We live in the country, and I brought you a little stuff. Shall I fetch it in?"

In another moment the stranger had deposited upon two chairs, set for the purpose, a bushel basket well packed with good things.

"This is how it come," he said, resting one foot upon the chair nearest him and hanging his hat upon his knee. "This is how it come. We take the *Christian Advocate*. We have took it ever sence our Samuel entered the ministry, an' one day this week we read about your work an' how you look to the Lord for everything. It bothered me terrible for a while. I tried to think about other things, but couldn't. And last night Matildie and I was having a little talk, an' I says to her, 'Just think o' them folks with nothing in the world but what the Lord sends them!' She smiled an' went on with her sewing. Matildie is our Samuel's mother. Then she asks me: 'How do you get what you have, Peter?' and I says, 'If you saw me in the harvest field you'd know.'

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'But,' says she, 'who puts the strength into your arm, and sends the rain and the sunshine to your fields?' 'Don't be onreasonable,' says I, 'but tell me, how do they get their vittals and firing?' She says, 'The Lord sends them.' 'But how does He send them?' says I; 'they don't rain down.' And I spoke a little louder than a Christian ought to speak. But she says, very kind, 'Peter, the Lord troubles the hearts of His children until they just have to take them things.' 'Well,' says I, 'if He has troubled any one's heart any more'n he has mine I feel sorry for him. Matildie, if you'll pack a bushel basket o' stuff in the morning I'll take it in.'"

"I left to-day after an early dinner, an' got here before three o'clock, but I've had a terrible time finding you. It's all right, though." And Peter made as though he would remove his coat.

"That is right, Mr. Hincks, take off your coat," said Gertrude. "But will Mrs. Hincks be uneasy about you?"

"O no, I told her I might look about a bit, and perhaps stay to the evening meeting if convenient for you. I'll drive home by moonlight."

"Stay by all means, brother," said Mr. Morrington. "But kneel with us now while we give thanks."

Peter thought the thanksgiving "terrible earnest," but God knew why.

GOD SPEAKS TO PETER HINCKS

As they rose from their knees Peter remarked with evident embarrassment :

"It seems sort o' dark here. You ain't short of oil, are you? I brought in a couple o' dollars of Matildie's money. She would have me bring it. She says it's the Lord's anyway. Pr'aps you might get a little oil to-morrow."

"We shall not wait until to-morrow for light," said Gertrude, and before the look of amazement had worn off Peter's face there was a bright light in the hall and in the dining-room, and Clarence had run upstairs to light the gas in the library.

"Here, Johnnie," cried the farmer, as Clarence returned, "come and help me unload." And then the children's joy was full. There was Matildie's bread and Matildie's butter; four or five jars of fruit, two jars of milk, ham, eggs, flour, tea, sugar, two pumpkin pies and four dozen cookies. And then from the bottom of the waggon the farmer dragged a bag of potatoes and a bag of apples.

"Perhaps, Arthur, dear," said Gertrude, "you will take Mr. Hincks to the library while Madeline and I get tea. There is not much time before the meeting."

Getting tea was the work of only a few moments, for the table was all ready and the food was at hand.

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow" was sung with rejoicing, and Peter Hincks cast his

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eye about the table. There was no mistaking the cookies—they surely were Matildie's ; and his first taste of the bread and butter confirmed him in the belief that that, too, had been made by her skilful hands—no such bread and no such butter in the country. And she always put cloves in her peaches. And there stood on the sideboard a half-filled milk-jar that, no doubt, had been forgotten in the haste of preparing the evening meal. And there were boiled eggs, too. Could it be possible that—yes, the table was spread when he came, but there was no food on it. It could not be possible, and yet—.

Peter struggled with this perplexing question until he could bear it no longer, then pushing back his chair he said :

"Say, Mr. Morrington, these vittals stick in my throat. I believe the hull business came in that load o' mine. Now tell me, honest, had things got low with you ?"

Tears of gratitude were filling the eyes of Gertrude and the children, and even Arthur had difficulty in concealing his emotion. Being pressed for an answer, the city missionary rehearsed their past week's experience of sharp testing, culminating in the extreme need of that day, and crowned with the prevailing prayer of the early evening.

"On your knees when the bell rang, and not a mouthful of food in the house !" exclaimed the farmer, rising from the table.

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"Yes, my brother," replied Arthur, "but that is God's way, you know. He spoke to you because He cares for us in great love. All things are ours, and we are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

"See here," continued the farmer, "do you believe that God spoke to me?"

"Certainly," was the reply.

"To me, who never give a dollar to furren missions in my life? To me, that ain't been to a prayer-meeting only to hear our Samuel for six years? God spoke to Abraham and to Moses and to Elijah and to John and to Paul, but would God speak to Peter Hincks?"

"Assuredly, brother, you have heard God's voice," replied Arthur.

A profound silence followed this reply, broken at length by the heavy tread of the farmer as he climbed the stairs leading to the library. And there, alone, he spoke to God. Just what he said you and I shall never know, but from that hour no one ever doubted that God had spoken to Farmer Hincks.

CHAPTER VI.

NEW SCENES AND OTHER TIES.

TIME went on, and the work of the mission demanded not only all of Arthur's strength, but drew largely upon the energies of Gertrude. She needed help in the home, and Arthur needed still more help in the outside work. There were children to be gathered together and taught of a Saviour from sin; there were nightly meetings to be held at which Christ was proclaimed to the lost; there were sick and poor to be visited, the dying to be cared for and pointed to the Lord Jesus, weak converts to be fed with the milk of the Word, and strong ones to be fed with meat. Then there were home responsibilities—two children to be trained for the Lord, and many delightful duties and loving ministries that belong to every really Christian home life. And so it was decided that, in her need, Gertrude should confer with her friend, Mrs. Gray.

Mrs. Morrington was received affectionately at Elim Home. The girls knew her and loved her.

"How are you getting on?" inquired Mrs. Gray, when the two friends found themselves alone.

"We have all things and abound," was the reply,

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"and souls are being saved." Gertrude then told the object of her visit.

"Eleanor may go," said Mrs. Gray. "She has been with us for six months, and Nurse Muriel often asks, 'What would we do without Eleanor?' But there are others who can take her place in the Home, and she may go with you."

Mrs. Morrington had made her visit, and Eleanor was making preparation for her departure, when she was informed that another visitor was waiting to see her. It was her uncle this time. She hurried to the reception room with her baby in her arms.

"What a beauty!" exclaimed Palmer Joyce, as he placed the baby upon his knee, having first greeted his niece lovingly.

"Do you think she has grown since you last saw her?" inquired the mother, as she arranged the little white skirts with pardonable pride.

"Grown? I should think so. See, she can almost stand alone!" And Uncle Palmer stood upon his knee the six-months-old autocrat of Eleanor's heart and life.

Little Dora was one of the oldest babies at Elim. During the winter other babies had first opened their eyes to the light of this world in Elim House, and other broken-hearted mothers had blessed God for the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, and for the symbol of that shadow

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in the temporary shelter from the scorn of a loveless world. Other girls besides Eleanor had wept out their sorrows on the breast of Mother Gray ; and other babies besides Dora had found their way into the heart of the childless woman. Other girls besides Eleanor had been ever ready with offices of love for those around them, and had sung a song of hope when the day was darkest. Other babies besides Dora were fat and bright ; other babies wore pretty dresses and were getting teeth. But somehow it happened that when the announcement was made that Eleanor and Dora were going away, the news was received by the girls with disappointment and real sorrow—feelings not unshared by Nurse Muriel and Mrs. Gray.

During his visit Uncle Palmer's attention was divided between Eleanor and Dora. He loved Eleanor for her own sake, and because her face was like her mother's. He loved Dora because she belonged to Eleanor and because she was a baby. He held the tiny fat baby hand in his own and said :

“ People like to quote Shakespeare :

‘ The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.’

But I wish someone would write that the man who sees no beauty in an innocent babe is fit for almost

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anything terrible that can overtake him. The Master said : ' See that ye despise not one of these little ones,' and ' Whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me.' Eleanor, unless you are going to a household that will be kind to Dora you are not to go at all."

" I am, uncle," replied the niece. " I am going to Mrs. Morrington."

" Good!" exclaimed the uncle. " I could ask nothing better for you."

" Have you told auntie, yet?" inquired Eleanor. " I do want to see Laura."

" Yes," replied Mr. Joyce, " I told her yesterday. She is deeply grieved, and you had better not come to the house yet. I do not think your aunt would feel that she could receive you. However, she has a very kind heart, Eleanor, and we will pray that she may soon see things differently, and that the way may open for you to come to see us as before."

Mr. Joyce made his visit, left his usual contribution for Elim Home, and hurried away.

The following morning was the time appointed for Eleanor to go to her new home, and Mother Gray commended to an all-wise and loving Heavenly Father the young life. The separation was not easy, for love begets love, and Eleanor's loving nature had endeared her to everyone in the home. The good-byes were said, and the girl of

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misfortune turned away from her Bethel, strong in faith and in hope, for God had met her ; but also keen in watchfulness and earnest in prayer, knowing that her wrestling was not against flesh and blood, but against the principalities, against the powers, against the world-rulers of this darkness, against the spiritual hosts of wickedness in heavenly places. But God, who was working in her to will and to work for His good pleasure, was able to guard her from stumbling, and He who called her unto His eternal glory in Christ was able to set her before the presence of His glory, without blemish, in exceeding joy.

Eleanor was received by the Morrington household most kindly. To Clarence and Madeline the baby was the wonder of wonders. There never was to them anything quite so beautiful in all the world. Her hands, her feet, her hair, her four pearly teeth ; the way she laughed and crowed and kicked ; her eyelashes, her dimples, her dainty dresses ; her white woolly cloak and hood, and even the rubber Santa Claus that dangled from her neck and whistled with the pressure of her tiny teeth : it was all more wonderful than Kingsley's "Water Babies," and infinitely more real. Thus Dora began life in her new home, and for many a moon she sat on her throne as queen of the Morrington household.

As soon as Eleanor was fully initiated into her new

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office she was invited to go to the mission. From her seat on the platform she had her first glimpse of the world of sin that was soon to know her as the bearer of glad tidings of great joy. Never in her life had she been before such an audience. There were those of all nationalities, all ages, all conditions of life. On the back seats were the drunkards and the outcasts. In front of them was found the mass of the audience—working men and women—and also the floating population that strayed up and down the streets of Starton with no place to call home. In front of them were the Christians who really desired to be of service, who sang and gave of their money, and sent in cast-off clothing, but who had not yet reached the upper-room experience, and so found it hard to touch the leper. And on the front seat, on the platform, standing about in the hall, or sitting on an odd chair here and there, were those who were all things to all men that they might win some.

During the singing of the first gospel song, Eleanor became conscious of an irresistible longing to see lost men and women before her saved. To what doom were they all hastening? How many were heaven bound? How many were hell bound? How many had heard the "Go in peace" of Jesus? And how many were writhing under a load of guilt and sin? They sang another stanza ;

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and again the chorus was sung with more earnestness than ever :

“ He hears and answers prayer,
When a lost soul yearns for the kingdom ;
He hears and answers prayer,
When a lost soul longs to come home.
He sees the tear-dimmed eye,
He hears the mourner cry :—
‘ God be merciful to me, a sinner.’ ”

The opening exercises being over, Mr. Morrington said :

“ A long time ago, when people lost their way, just as they do now ; when feet grew weary and sore because the road was rough, just as they do now ; when hearts were hungry for something, they knew not what, just as they are hungry now ; and when eyes were dim with tears, as some eyes are dim to-night : a long time ago, when life was a jungle full of wild and ravenous beasts, as it is now ; and when men and women, like lost sheep, had fallen into danger and despair, Jesus, moved with a compassion, and a with love that could die for its own, said, ‘ The Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep.’ ”

And then, in the power of the Holy Ghost, the missionary told the story of a Saviour from sin. The deepest silence prevailed as every one in the room was asked to fix his eye upon the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world. “ Who

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taketh away sin!—that dreadful thing that can turn a brave man into a coward, a gentleman into a savage, a pure woman into a prostitute, the pride of a mother's heart into a convict, the bright star of a literary circle into a maniac ; that dreadful thing that can break up a home, pollute a sanctuary and tear down a throne ; that can do sacrilege to the hoary head ; that can snatch the food from the mouth of a starving child ; that can shed innocent blood and laugh to scorn the law of love and honor ; that dreadful thing that has made a hell of what without it would have been a paradise ; that clothes death and the grave with terror, and forever shuts out from the presence of God the lost soul. Sin ! Your soul is sick with it. Hands tremble, eyes are dim, hearts are bleeding, and, were they not stifled, cries of anguish would escape the lips of scores in this room to-night. Why ? Because your sins have separated you from God : big sins and little sins ; known sins and unknown sins ; open sins and secret sins. But listen, O listen, lost sheep of the wilderness ! ' The Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep.' ' While we were yet sinners Christ died for us.' Unsaved friend, will you take God's pardon for Jesus' sake ? God gave Him to you and for you. He suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God. Will you come to-night and be washed in the Fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness ? Jesus saves !

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Whom shall He save to-night? Raise your hand, my brother; raise your hand, my sister. His own word is, 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.'"

There was a moment of silence; which should it be—life or death, heaven or hell? Then a hand was raised, and another and another, and the workers moved about quietly seeking the anxious ones.

Some moments had passed, when a woman sitting at the end of the back seat, in the unmistakable dress of a woman of the street, raised her hand. Arthur's quick eye saw her at once and turning to Eleanor he said: "Eleanor, you know the Word. Will you show that woman the way to Christ?"

It was one of the supreme, and one of the most solemn, moments of Eleanor's life. Looking to God for help she went down to the poor outcast and lovingly invited her to come with her to an adjoining room.

"Is there any hope?" asked the woman, tremblingly, as the two knelt together. "Is there any hope? I am fifty-two years old, and I have been a bad woman all my life."

Eleanor read: "'When Jesus saw him lie, and knew that he had been now a long time in that case, he saith unto him, Wilt thou be made whole?' It does not matter about the time," urged Eleanor. "It is the sin."

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"Ah! that is it," said the woman. "I have been an awful sinner."

Eleanor turned the leaves again and read, "'Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool.'"

"Then tell me how," cried the outcast.

The way of salvation by faith in the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ was then made plain, and the lost soul began to reach out, although timidly, for eternal life. Immediately the news flew to the regions of the lost, and the evil one despatched commissioners to snatch the lost sheep from the outstretched arms of the Good Shepherd. What! Mattie Colgate to be born anew? She who for so many years had faithfully served the Prince of Darkness, and had dragged scores of others to an outcast's hell? Surely they would not lose her now. The battle was fierce, but

"God hears and answers prayer,
When a lost soul longs to come home;"

and with no plea of her own, but as a hell-deserving sinner, Mattie Colgate cried to God for mercy. She believed His word to her, accepted the Lord Jesus as her personal Saviour, and then there happened that most wonderful of all mysteries—a soul was born anew by the Holy Spirit.

That night as Eleanor and Mattie were on their

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way to Elim, Mattie paused in sight of the home, looked down upon the glistening snow around her, then up to the starry heavens, took Eleanor's hand, and exclaimed, rapturously :

"Surely I am in a new world! Is this being saved?"

"It is indeed a new world to you," said Eleanor; "for whereas you once were blind now you see. The blessed Lord has opened your eyes, and in His light, and in His love, you will see beauty in everything but sin. But the sin is in the past now, dear sister: 'He that is in Christ Jesus is a new creation; old things are passed away.'"

"Thank God they are passed away," replied the saved one. "But this joy—it is like heaven, I am sure! I am not afraid now to look up to God. See, I can look right up where He is!"

And then stretching heavenward her half-clad arms, while the February night winds blew back her thin hair, she said, trembling with grateful emotion :

"Oh, God in heaven, was it for one like me that Thou didst give Thy Son?"

The redeemed one would have knelt there in grateful homage had not Eleanor urged her on. Reaching Elim Home, Eleanor rang the bell, hoping that the door would be opened by Mrs. Gray. It was; and Eleanor exclaimed :

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"Mother, dear, here is a babe in Christ. Have you room for her?"

"We will make room, my child," answered the mother. And the new Mattie Colgate abode among the twelve springs of water and threescore and ten palm trees, growing in grace and serving others with a glad heart until God called her to a higher ministry in the presence of the King.

CHAPTER VII.

FAR OUT AT SEA.

WITH other conditions obtaining, Eleanor would have hurried on her way to Tenth Street very fearfully, for the hour was late when she left Elim. But now she had no feelings but of joy. A lost soul had been saved, and the Lord Jesus had been glorified in the triumph of faith. She felt, too, that others had found the light before leaving the mission hall.

Reaching the Morrington home she hurried in with a song of praise on her lip, and with her always bright face radiant with an incomparable joy. And there she joined Gertrude and Arthur and Lucy and Manly in thanksgiving.

"But the fields are ripe unto the harvest," said Mr. Morrington. "We have but pushed from the shore a little way. We must launch out into the deep; far out at sea." And with this thought pressing upon her heart, Eleanor went to her room. She turned the light upon Dora's face. The child had always been beautiful like the mother, but never so beautiful as now; and never had the mother-love

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been so full and so strong. Leaning over the babe, she pressed her face to that of little Dora, and whispered :

"Baby darling, your mother would die for you."

And then came the question, "Eleanor, would you die for your Lord?"

"Yes," was the response.

"And would you part with your baby for your Lord?"

But surely He would never ask that of her, and ere she was aware a shade of sadness had crept into her heart from which she was freed only by the thought that God is a God of love. And there she rested.

In the morning Eleanor's waking thought was, "We must launch out into the deep; far out at sea."

It was not long before Mr. and Mrs. Morrington became convinced that God was calling the young woman to definite work for Him, and they were much in prayer for her. Day by day her interest in the unsaved deepened. She visited the poor and also the depraved, fearlessly entering homes and hovels where never before had a lone woman gone. Everywhere she was welcomed, and the old, old story was listened to eagerly by many a hitherto scornful one. Children loved her and ran to meet her, while the aged and the sick watched for her coming. She scattered sunshine everywhere, and

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always had a song of cheer and a promise of hope for the discouraged.

When the time of the singing of birds had come she was asked to address the large audience that crowded the mission hall. Then for the first time since Harriet Gray led her to a glimpse of her rich inheritance in Christ Jesus did her courage fail at marching orders. What would she say? And would not the publicity expose her to the taunts of the vulgar and the uncharitable?

She was still undecided when the next morning she arose a long time before daybreak to ask God to show her very clearly His mind.

She talked with God until she forgot the presence of her child. She talked with Him until the needs of the sorrowing and sinning ones around her were forgotten; until, in the power of the Holy Ghost, Christ Jesus was the centre of vision, and from that centre streamed an effulgence that radiated her soul's horizon. So entirely was she one with the Lord that she received the Father's will as her own, and arose from her knees with His glory in her heart and upon her face.

That night she gave the gospel message in public for the first time. Not only had she a burning passion for souls, and a love for her Saviour which made him Lord and King, but she had had visions of God, and no power on earth could now silence the voice that proclaimed salvation through

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the shed blood of the spotless Lamb of God, and as she spoke dead souls were quickened to newness of life.

But the evil one was much exercised because of the victories on the Lord's side, and he loosened the tongue of reproach and slander. The drawing-room, the club-house, the corner grocery, and sometimes more hallowed spots were the scenes of animated conversations regarding the young woman who, with a past like Eleanor's, could ever come before a people with a message of any kind. The waves were high far out at sea, but He who holds the winds and the waves in the hollow of His hand was asleep in the ship. The good work went on, and souls were daily born into the kingdom.

We grow to be like those we love, and unconsciously imitate those upon whom our eyes are always fixed. Ever since that sunset hour in which Eleanor received the truth of "cleansing by faith," and by faith received the cleansing, her heart had been given more unreservedly to the Spirit's teaching, and as she ran the way of His commandments God enlarged her heart. And then there came the early morning hour in which the heavens opened and, by faith, she saw her place in the Heavenlies with the glorified Christ. Eye hath not seen ; ear hath not heard ; but unto us hath God revealed them by His Spirit. And from that

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hour life could never hold anything for Eleanor apart from the Lord Jesus. Faith had bridged the gulf between earth and Heaven. The indwelling Christ had become a reality, and her union with Him a blessed fact in the consciousness of which all that this world could offer had lost its value.

Weeks passed, and the once erring girl, whom God had met and appointed to know His will and to see the Righteous One and to hear a voice from His mouth, continued in that fellowship found in the heavenly places, and made daily supplication that she might be a vessel unto honor, sanctified, meet for the Master's use, prepared unto every good work. And to this end she bent also the energies of body and of mind. If when Christ was upon earth His disciples ran here and there to bring to Jesus those holden of evil spirits, why should not His disciples of to-day be as zealous? The "Come and see" of Philip was ever on her tongue. The story was true. Had not God forgiven her? Had not the blood of Jesus Christ cleansed her from all sin? There was forgiveness, there was cleansing, there was purity, there was peace for all who would come. She was not restricted by conventionality. She was not intimidated by frowns nor by sneers. But she went about the King's business in the solemn conviction that one day she must give an account of her stewardship, and that every soul won was an addi-

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tional trophy for Him who bought her with a great price. Nor did she forget the little life beside her. Hearts grow by loving, as souls grow by spiritual exercise, and so the more that Eleanor's love went out to the sad ones around her the deeper grew her love for her child. The gloom of yesterday had indeed given place to the radiance of to-day. Christ's work was a finished work, and by faith in the living Word of our eternal God she was one with the Father and the Son, through the Holy Spirit, abiding in Christ Jesus moment by moment. Forgetting the things that were behind she pressed on, happy in her mother-love, joyful in the Holy Ghost, and clothed with Pentecostal power for service—converted, cleansed, consecrated.

CHAPTER VIII.

VOICES OF THE WOOD.

IT was a day in June, and the roses at the south of Albert Johnson's house were blooming luxuriantly, giving of their perfume to the breeze that came to carry it through an open window to Alice. Having finished a piece of needlework, Alice folded it carefully, laid it away, and joined her father in the garden.

"This is a perfect day, father," she said. "I think I shall go to Meadowlot if you will please harness a horse for me. Jen will do."

"All right," said the father, as he picked a rose and turned to go to the barn.

Farmer Johnson was particularly glad that Alice was going to Meadowlot. He knew her thoughts and he felt that now was the time to communicate to her a certain intelligence.

It was not long before Alice came from the house carrying garden tools, a watering-can, and a basket of young plants.

Seeing his daughter comfortably seated in a light phaeton, the farmer held the lines loosely

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while he smoothed old Jen's coat and patted her approvingly.

"By the way, Alice," he said, "we haven't written to your Aunt Gertrude lately, have we?"

"No, not for some months, father. I was thinking of her yesterday."

"I haven't told you that I had a letter from her last week," said the farmer. "You have been so busy helping Mrs. Greaves that I haven't bothered you."

"A letter from aunt? I am glad of that. Are they all well?"

"Yes; but they have been awful busy, and lately there has been a young lady staying there, a sort of missionary, it seems, from what they write, and she's stirring the people up in great shape."

"That is good news," answered Alice. "Is she going to stay with them?"

"Yes."

"Then we shall have her here this summer when they come. Perhaps she will stir us up, father. An awakening would not do our people any harm, would it?"

The farmer looked very serious and answered, "I am not sure that you would care to have her come, Alice."

"Why? You know I am not afraid of a little extra work."

"I know that; but —"

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"Who is she?"

"The daughter of lawyer and Mrs. Prince that died about two years ago."

"Is their daughter a missionary? Some one was asking me not long ago if I knew what had become of her. Have her come, father, do."

"Alice," said the father, "you have a pair of pet white doves, haven't you?"

"Yes, father."

"One is just as white as the other?"

"Yes."

"Do you love them both alike?"

"Certainly I do."

"Well, s'posing some big bird or other should get hold of one and drag it through the mud and leave it more black than white; what would you do?"

"I would wash it clean again, if I could, I presume."

"Would you love it again?"

"Of course I would, father."

"Would you put it with the other one, again?"

"Yes, why not?"

"Why not, Alice, why not? My girl, you belong to the Lord Jesus, and I know that you are spotless. And He had another dove once, just as white as you; but one came and dragged it through the mire. Then the blessed Lord washed it clean, and it was and is whiter than snow."

Alice's eyes filled with tears, and her father saw

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her vain attempt to reply. He knew that it was all right with his daughter and Eleanor, so he nodded her a good-bye, handed her the lines, and with "Git ep, Jen, git ep!" he walked away.

Meadowlot was a silent city. The inhabitants had ceased from their labors and their sorrows were past. Here and there a large tree threw a heavy shade, but for the most part the city lay bathed in sunlight by day or in the softer light of the moon by night.

The pine board gate stood open, and Alice drove into the shade of the nearest tree. Jen knew the tree, and looked around with a solemn interest while Alice took from the phaeton her plants and garden tools. She then sought the spot so sacred to her, and as she stood beside the grave the tears that her father was never allowed to see watered the grassy mound from which rose a marble column bearing the name of George Cornell. A few yards farther on was another sacred spot. Perhaps it was with a yet deeper sorrow that Alice let fall hot tears and whispered, "Oh, mother!"

She was alone in the silent city. The sun was well on his way to the western horizon, and every condition of the hour invited meditation.

Having performed her offices of love, Alice sat on the grass between the two graves, and opening the Scriptures she read, "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place and rest a while."

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Her thoughts flew back to the busy life of the Lord Jesus — scenes in Bethsaida, Capernaum, Gennesaret; the ministry of prayer a long while before it was day; the outstretched hand at sunset, touching to health and to strength the diseased and the dying; the journey onwards in the noontide heat to take to other cities also the bread of life. And then she saw the disciples of Jesus hurrying here and there to bring to Him the sick and blind and lame, and those possessed of evil spirits. "No time so much as to eat," so great was the need of the many. And the need of a Christless world was as great to-day as it was then. What was she doing? The Word said, "Rest awhile." She had no need of rest; but—somebody had. In the heart of the great city, where the throb was incessant and pitiless, men and women toiled wearily day after day, and never heard the singing of a bird, never plucked a flower, never trod upon green grass nor rested fading eyes upon the verdant landscape. The balmy breath of June was unknown to them. The golden glories of the orient and the deep hues of the sunset had no place in the horizon of their life. To them there was no horizon. The absolute monarch of capital and combine had said, "So far, and no farther;" and the breath, as it fluttered from the lips of the dying, was inhaled by the living.

What could she do? The thought pressed so

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heavily upon the heart of Alice that she left Meadowlot earlier than usual; and that evening she and her father talked together, until her wish had become a resolution.

The Johnson homestead was palatial, as far as length and breadth and height were concerned. The household consisted of four persons—the working farmer and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Greaves, and Albert Johnson and his daughter. A stream dignified as “the Johnson River” ran at the back of the farm buildings. Beyond the river was a fern bed that led the way to a miniature forest. This bit of forest Farmer Johnson had always refused to cut down.

‘We’ve got cultivated land enough,’ he would say; “and just as much as I can I want things left as God made them.”

The vegetable garden was proverbial for its produce, and there were no such flowers as Alice’s east of Elms.

On the day that was to have been Alice’s wedding day, George’s father sent her a cheque for several hundred dollars. “It is yours by right, my poor child,” he wrote. And now Alice knew why the Lord had given it to her. This amount, with that which her father wished to contribute, would enlarge the west wing of the house, so that a large number of guests could be accommodated. Alice wrote to Mr. and Mrs. Morrington of the plan, and

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Mr. Holton was sent out at once to advise with her and her father regarding the quickest and best method of building. Manly spent some weeks on the farm, and did not leave until he saw the builders at work.

"We can send the first colony out to you late in August," he said, with excusable merriment.

Returning to Starton, Mr. Holton, with Lucy, went at once to confer with Mr. Morrington in the matter of Bethesda Rest House—so named by Farmer Johnson, who was particularly attached to that pool of Scripture. The news of the progress already made brought great joy to Arthur and Gertrude, and Eleanor was called from the household duties of the morning to join in giving thanks.

"And now, Eleanor," said the city missionary, "we shall appoint you a committee of one to hunt up those whom the Lord would send, and Mr. and Mrs. Holton will act as bodyguards on the journey to Bethesda."

"I shall not require to hunt long," replied Eleanor. "I could name now a score of worthy and needy ones."

At this point the door-bell rang, and Mr. Joyce was admitted.

"We have just been talking of you," exclaimed Manly, who at once gave the visitor a graphic description of Bethesda Rest House, and then added :

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"I believe you are expected to chaperon a party of impotent folk occasionally."

"I am ready for anything," answered Uncle Palmer, "that will not rob me of my little lady." And he sat baby Dora upon his shoulder and turned his head to allow the chubby hands to pull gleefully but mercilessly the dark brown hair streaked with grey.

Dora was skilled in this art—an art taught somewhere in baby-land by some fairy who knows just the accomplishments required to hold captive the hearts of men and women—those queer, grim folk that a long time ago were ushered into baby-land with every indication of being "to the manor born," but who hurried away into a land of dark avenues, rough highways, unhealthy valleys and steep towering precipices—queer, grim folk, these men and women, that move around like wandering giants and have even forgotten the language of their native land.

Dora pulled and crowed and kicked until Uncle Palmer cried for mercy, and Lucy rushed to his rescue.

"She is my little lady now," said Mrs. Holton tenderly, seating herself in a rocking-chair and making the babe comfortable in her arms. Dora raised her head and answered Lucy's look of love with a smile nowhere seen but on the face of a babe. Then she nestled closer, dropped her head on Lucy's breast, and slept.

CHAPTER IX.

A SONG OF LOVE.

ALTHOUGH Palmer Joyce was a quiet man, he was a happy man. There was much in his life that brought him joy, and that which he did miss he was always expecting to find. His only really unhappy days were those spent at Elms. He was prosperous in business, and had the love of his wife and three daughters.

Mrs. Joyce was a woman of fashion, but was content to allow her husband a quiet hour in his busy day for fellowship with the Unseen One, whom she knew not, and to interest himself in the affairs of religious life. She was also willing that the youngest child, Laura, should lean towards her father and religion, as long as Adelaide and Edna shone by her side. Altogether the household was not inharmonious.

But of late there was a real sorrow in Mr. Joyce's life, occasioned by the fact that his wife felt very bitterly towards Eleanor. A sort of philanthropic curiosity prompted Adelaide and Edna to urge for

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an occasional visit from the outcast niece, while Laura pleaded with her mother, in tears, to forgive and take back her favorite cousin. But Mrs. Joyce held firmly to her purpose.

In the meantime Bethesda Rest House was being completed, and Uncle Palmer gave to Eleanor and her friends as much time as he could spare from his business and his family.

Mrs. Morrington, Mrs. Holton and Eleanor were busy from early morning until late at night making and remaking garments for the sick and the poor who were to be the first guests at Bethesda, while the city missionary and his friends completed arrangements for taking the party.

Alice felt that she had reached the supreme day of her life when she received her first seven guests. Mr. Holton accompanied them, and each day was full of offices of love and of the blessing that maketh rich and addeth no sorrow.

Like everything that God touches, the Rest House Mission developed with a rapidity that surprised everyone. Manly and Mr. Joyce contributed liberally, although there was lack of nothing at Bethesda, and the Lord sent funds in the most unexpected ways.

Without it being previously thought of, Bethesda Rest House and Tenth Street Mission were soon one interest, and Alice and her father were glad to look to Uncle Arthur as the leader in

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all that seemed intricate in the execution of a plan that was broadening week by week.

That year Mrs. Joyce had reluctantly given up her annual stay at Elms, as she was preparing for Adelaide's marriage at Christmas. She was on the verge of that *ennui* which so often finds a place in the lives of pleasure-seekers as the tide goes out, when Mr. Joyce received a communication from Alice reminding him that he was expected at Bethesda late in September, and begging him to urge Mrs. Joyce to accompany him.

Mrs. Joyce needed urging, but finally gave a listless consent to the acceptance of the invitation.

The third week in September was ushered in with unseasonable heat, and Mrs. Joyce greeted the day of her departure with considerable gratitude. The journey was not unpleasant, and the tourists were met at the Junction by Mr. Johnson, dressed in his very best, and driving a pair that he declared could almost claim relationship to the stalled pets of a Rothschild.

A light shower of rain had fallen, and Mrs. Joyce eagerly breathed in the sweet country air. Elms was passed triumphantly, although once or twice Mr. Joyce trembled lest his Beatrice, whom he truly loved, should take a backward glance at the scene of her pleasure and his pain.

Alice received her guests with the dignity and grace which she had inherited from her mother

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coupled with her father's heartiness and hospitality. She won Mrs. Joyce's regard at once.

The evening was wearing away ; the guests had begun to feel very much at home, and everyone was happy. The company of four sat under the south veranda. The moon gave her light generously, the air was balmy, the tall trees moved almost imperceptibly, while in the background slumbered the miniature forest, lulled to sleep by the silent music of the moonlit river.

The heart of Beatrice Joyce was filled with indefinable emotions. Everyone knew that she was not religious even in her quiet moments and no one had ever thought of considering her poetic. But in that hour she saw grow dim the sheen of the life she had once loved.

Alice tuned her guitar, struck a few harmonious chords—linked together by an enchanting melody—that trembled with sweetness and tenderness, and died away on the night air. There was a pause, and then a second prelude, and she sang :

“Come sing a song of love, dear,
The shadows lengthen fast ;
The crowns will soon be given,
The day of toil be passed.
Come sing of love and springtime
Eternal as our God,
The path of light and loving
Which only saints have trod.

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"We've travelled all the way, dear,
In sunshine of God's love,
And e'en the falling teardrop
Was rainbowed from above.
And you have been so true, dear,
And we have loved so well,
But, oh ! the love of Jesus
No tongue on earth can tell.

"Then sing a song of love, dear,
A song of yonder heaven,
Where Jesus is the glory,
The Lamb the light that's given.
And you'll be with me there, dear,
And we shall see His face,
And rest and reign with Jesus,
Two sinners saved by grace."

The music stole into Beatrice's heart and threw open gates to avenues of feeling that the crash and din of the ball-room orchestra had failed to reach. She lived again in the more humble years of her life, before she was fashion's slave, when her pretty babies were about her, and the music of her life was not the ball-room orchestra, but it was the singing of her canary, the laughter of her children, and the sound of a welcome footstep without the door. As she sat with closed eyes the years came and went and through them all she saw the changeless love of her husband. And then she caught a glimpse of his sad face at Elms. Had he really been unhappy during his flying visits to her at that

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summer resort? Perhaps he had been; and there was something in her remembrance of the last ball that made her heart heavy. She would rather not think of it now. And then Alice's song haunted her:

"And you'll be with me there, dear,
And we shall see His face."

She wondered if her husband had followed the words of the song, and if he really believed that friends would meet and know one another in some other world. She was very uncertain about everything, excepting that she did not think she would visit Elms the following season.

In turn, Palmer Joyce's thoughts were with his wife. No one knew better than he the inestimable qualities of Beatrice—apart from her beauty—although many of them were yet in the bud waiting for the tropical atmosphere of some Heaven-sent circumstance to bring them to full bloom.

Palmer was a quiet man who could hear the end of a song from the beginning, and could live in the perspective of years when the centre of vision was not altogether soul-satisfying. And yet he was true to the present.

The hope that was so much a part of Palmer Joyce was more than ever dominant as he sat beside his wife under Farmer Johnson's south veranda.

"It may be," he said to himself, "that an Unseen Hand is about to play upon the harp of her life, and

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make the music that I have been waiting to hear." And Hope in his heart resumed her singing.

The silence that followed the music was broken by the farmer, who reminded those around him that they must be thinking of completing preparations for the arrival of the guests who were to come to Bethesda that week.

"Mr. Morrington says he will send six grown folks and six children this time, and we must be up bright and early," said the farmer, growing enthusiastic at the very beginning of his oration.

Albert Johnson was not bound by rhetorical law. His climax was always unexpected, and was as liable to come early as late in his discourse. His figures of speech were Johnsonian, but his pathos was the accumulated wealth of a receptive heart throbbing in the most munificent environment.

"Yes," he said, rising to his feet, "there'll be another batch o' them comin' now in a day or so, and let everyone of us be ready, when the angel comes down to trouble the waters, to help somebody into the pool. For there will be a troubling of the waters. I feel it in my soul. Ever since poor Sammy Winterhouse first set foot on this farm, and was saved right here where I stand, the work at Bethesda has been gettin' better an' better.

Alice and me—I mean this Alice's mother—went down to the ocean once. She was awful fond of the sea, and I used to take her once a year most

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generally. This was the last year we went. We was walkin' arm in arm along the sandy beach an' she says :

" "Wait, Albert. Look away out there. The tide has turned. It is coming in.' "

" We hung around for a long time ; went away, and then came back again ; and bye-an'-bye that long stretch of sand and ground was covered with water, and the waves came rolling up at our feet, full an' strong, and chanting a long, loud hymn of praise. There was a stiff breeze, and the sun made the water shine like crystal. I thought o' so many things that I couldn't think of anything. But I turned to Alice, and said :

" " Alice, it's grand ! ' "

" And she said :

" " Yes, Albert, it is grand. And so is a life that is turned Godward, and filled with the Holy Spirit. What a contrast to the unlovely spot we saw not long ago ! ' "

" So I always think of Alice and the full tide o' the sea whenever one of these poor souls that come here is born again—helped into the pool by somebody. But land o' goodness, if it ain't striking eleven o'clock ! You must be awful tired, Mrs. Joyce."

That good lady replied that she was not at all tired, and that she had had a delightful evening. Good-nights were spoken, and Alice showed Beatrice to her room.

CHAPTER X.

UNTO THE LEAST OF THESE.

BETHESDA REST HOUSE was a western extension of the Johnson home. The windows opened to the west and south, but were sufficiently shaded to prevent the rooms from being uncomfortably warm. On the ground floor there was the dining-room joining the home kitchen, and a spacious room used in rainy weather as sitting-room and chapel. Over these were four pleasant sleeping-rooms, to which number were added two in the main building. The house afforded ample accommodation for twelve besides the family and personal friends ; and the particular object of Mr. Joyce's visit was to counsel with Farmer Johnson in the matter of enlarging the Rest House the following spring. Accordingly, early in the day after the arrival of Palmer and Beatrice, the farmer and his friend were engaged in drawing plans and making estimates as to the probable cost of executing them ; while Alice and Mrs. Greaves, with the two young women who came to assist them, gave themselves to careful preparations for the comfort of the "impotent folk " expected to arrive two days later.

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Mrs. Joyce took a lively interest in all that was going on, now giving the gentlemen the benefit of her worldly wisdom, and now making a really valuable suggestion in the housekeeping line. Only one thing detracted somewhat from her happiness. She regretted that a meeting with Eleanor was unavoidable. She knew of this before she left Starton, and had then determined, since she would not be required to receive her niece in her own house, to make the best of an unfortunate circumstance. But she was finding her stay at Bethesda so delightful that she dreaded the thought of her pleasure being marred by what of necessity must be a very awkward interview. She felt that perhaps she had been too harsh towards Eleanor, and yet she did not feel called upon to forgive her. But as the hours wore on she became so engrossed with the activities of the day that she forgot everyone excepting Sammy Winterhouse and like folk.

In the afternoon the farmer drove to the Junction for Mrs. Holton, who came with Dora in her arms. After the usual greetings, Beatrice exclaimed :

"What a beautiful child! Is it yours, Mrs. Holton?"

"No," answered Lucy. "It is a friend's child."

"How lovely of you to bring her here away from the heat of the city," said Mrs. Joyce. "It was unbearable when we left. Have you no children?"

"We have one in heaven," replied Lucy.

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Uncle Palmer was a silent observer. He was obliged to keep in the background or the little lady, in that wonderful language that she could command, would have announced her relationship to the wealth of hair that so often had been the home of her baby fingers.

"I wonder, Palmer," exclaimed Beatrice, "that you take no notice of this child. You are such an admirer of babies. I am afraid you are becoming cynical; you keep so at arm's length." Then lifting the babe into her arms she said, with feigned indignation:

"Well, we will never mind the old fogey. Let him go to his drawings and his figures. We will have a walk around the room and see if the pictures hang straight; won't we, Dora?"

And Dora was the centre of attraction until her eyelids closed over tired eyes, when Lucy carried her to her room. Mrs. Holton then took the first opportunity of informing Mrs. Joyce of her relationship to Dora.

The third Thursday in September dawned cloudless. When Albert Johnson stepped upon the jewelled grass, turned eastward and saw the radiant promise of a perfect day, he exclaimed audibly, "Another token of God's love to us!"

The whole household, including the baby, was stirring at an early hour, and the spirit of enthusiastic activity was a real contagion.

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Breakfast over, the farmer announced the first number on his programme. "My first business," he said, "is to see to that 'bus."

When Bethesda was first talked of, Mr. Johnson purchased, at the Junction, a light omnibus which, with a little repairing, could carry comfortably as large a party as could be entertained at Bethesda. This "'bus" was now one of his highest-prized possessions. In the matter of attachment it came next to old Jen; and old Jen came next to Alice; and Alice had always come next to her mother; and her mother, "so well edgacated," was the one woman of all the millions in whom all graces met.

Thomas Greaves was at the farm work, and Albert struggled alone with his first number. Ere long, however, he came to a piece of work upon the axle-tree that required four hands instead of two. Albert was not a man to stand upon ceremony before the incoming tide in his affairs, so he hurried to the house and opening the chapel door exclaimed:

"I'm in a corner, Mr. Joyce. Come out and lend a hand." And then he hurried back to his fourth love and had everything ready for the moment of action when Mr. Joyce reached the spot.

The work was completed, and the possession in its gorgeous dress of paint—a summer landscape on the nigh side, and a snow scene on the off side—with its new upholstery, and now polished for the

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third time in one season, was in Albert's eyes a thing of beauty.

"Ain't she grand!" exclaimed the farmer, stepping back and viewing the vehicle with his head to one side. "But this ain't a time for procrastination. What do you say, Mr. Joyce, to helping me with that dining-room table. It ain't more'n half big enough."

Palmer was ready for any service, so the two hurried back to the house.

Such a busy day as that was! The farmer and his friend were working with hammer and saw. Mrs. Greaves and her assistants were baking huge batches of bread, cookies, pies and everything good. Lucy and Beatrice were decorating the walls of Bethesda sitting-room with mountain-arch berries and fern. Alice was sorting bed linen and putting in readiness the sleeping rooms. By four o'clock in the afternoon everything was in order, and Farmer Johnson hitched his best pair to the 'bus and drove off to the Junction.

When a boy, Albert Johnson had gone as far as fractions in arithmetic; but he had never studied algebra nor geometry. He knew no more of the binomial theorem than he knew of the inhabitants of Jupiter. But he could meet a train—a slow train or a fast train—and be there just at the moment every time. The Starton express blew a shrill

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whistle as the farmer drove up to the platform of the Junction station.

The work of transportation was tenderly and successfully accomplished. When the twelve travellers were comfortably seated in the 'bus, the farmer seized Eleanor's hand for a second edition of his cordial greeting and said in low tones :

"Do you remember a year ago to-night when you and I were standing just where we stand now?"

"I do," replied Eleanor. "Could I forget God's goodness to me that night, or your kindness?"

"Never mind my kindness," said the farmer. "That wasn't anything. But ain't it just as I said, 'All things work together for good?'" And then noticing that Eleanor paused to take a second look at the omnibus with its inimitable decorative art, he inquired, with pardonable enthusiasm :

"Well, what do you think of her?"

"You could have nothing better for the purpose, I am sure," replied Eleanor; "and I do not believe there is one like it in all of Starton."

And there was not one like it in Starton. It would take the pen of a Dickens to describe the wonder and delight of the occupants of the Bethesda 'bus as Albert Johnson drove briskly over the smooth concession that cuts into halves the county of Berrymore. The grass had not lost its verdure, and here and there a bunch of wild flowers

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clung to the old life of dews and sunshine. Golden-rod bordered the well-kept road, and the orchards of Berrymore farms gave out the silent music of harvest home. Here could be seen cattle moving about with sleepy content, and there a flock of sheep sunning themselves on a hillside; while a blood bay colt, with the grace of an antelope, leaped into a speed that outrivalled that of the farmer's best team. The scene lay bathed in that golden sunlight found only towards the close of a day in autumn. Nothing like this drive had ever been experienced or dreamed of or heard of by Eleanor's companions of that hour.

Bethesda was reached as the sun dropped behind the Johnson forest, and before the farmer had swung open the huge gate that barred the entrance to the house, Alice and her friends came from the parlor to welcome the strangers. Beatrice paused under the veranda with Dora in her arms. The last one had been helped from the vehicle, while Thomas Greaves still held the horses' heads, and the company huddled together like a lot of frightened sheep. There were two women with their husbands, two women without their husbands, four children and two babies.

"Come on, now," said Alice, having shaken hands with the men and women and kissed the children. "Come into the sitting-room and then you'll have tea." And the procession started.

UNTO THE LEAST OF THESE

Alice led the way with a ten-months-old baby in her arms. Eleanor followed. Upon her right arm slept an infant, and also upon that arm leaned the young mother, bent and tottering, bearing the unmistakable marks of neglect in suffering. Eleanor's left hand was held by a scared-looking boy of six years, who, in turn, dragged, rather than led, a two-year-old girl. The others made the rearward. Thomas Greaves took the team to the barn, and Farmer Johnson made one of the chapel party. A hymn of praise was sung as thanksgiving for a safe journey, and the new-comers began to smile and move about with freedom. Beatrice and Dora viewed the scene from the chapel doorway.

"And now my baby, my baby!" cried Eleanor, having with difficulty freed herself from the Starton children; "where is she?"

"Look behind you," answered Farmer Johnson.

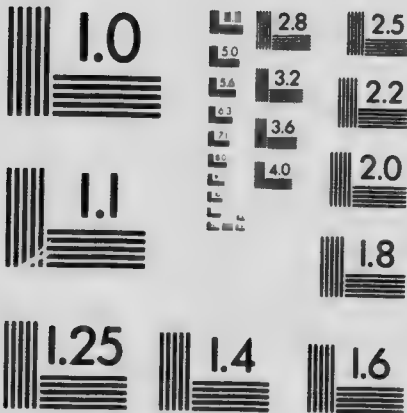
Eleanor turned, took a quick step towards her child, then paused, while her features assumed an unmistakable look of embarrassment and sorrow. Beatrice detected it at once, and she forgot her prejudices, forgot her righteousness, which was fast becoming, in her own eyes, as filthy rags, and received Eleanor with a kiss of love.

The guests retired early, and in the morning awakened early, ready for a day of unparalleled enjoyment. The cup of each was full, as he or she partook of the bountiful repasts, sat in the



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shade of a tree, loitered by the fern bed or near the river's bank, or worked a way through the shady forest. A drive behind one of the colts, and a ride upon old Jen's back, were the crowning events in the life of the children that day.

Friday and Saturday were never-to-be-forgotten days, but the current of Farmer Johnson's being set to the coming Lord's Day.

"There'll be nothing to hinder the Spirit's work," he whispered to Eleanor, as he and Uncle Palmer paused to speak to her at the chapel door on their way to the Johnson forest. At the back of the Rest House there grew three giant trees. In the shadow of these trees the guests at Bethesda had met for prayer. But the farmer, with the untiring energy that is born of love, desired, like David and Solomon, to build a house for the Lord; and nature gave for walls her very best of the forest, and the ceiling was the blue heaven. The spot chosen was in the heart of the wood, and was reached by the way of the fern bed. And here the farmer and his friend, assisted by the sad-eyed men from Starton, toiled early and late, and the house for the Lord was finished.

CHAPTER XI.

IN THE FOREST SANCTUARY.

WHEN Eleanor awoke on Sunday morning the sun had not yet risen, but the eastern horizon gave the promise of a fair day. God had made the out-goings of the morning and the evening to rejoice, and as His handmaid drew aside the curtain and greeted the morning she, too, rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory. To her once darkened life the day had dawned ; the Day-star had arisen in her heart.

“ And now, O Lord God,” she prayed, “ use me to-day in the salvation of these immortal souls, for Thine own glory. Thou hast chosen the foolish things of the world that Thou mightest put to shame them that are wise. Thou hast chosen the weak things and the base things and things that are despised, that no flesh should glory before Thee. And so, O God and Father, Thou hast chosen me. Then do Thou to-day speak through me the life-giving word to dead souls ; and may these whom Thou has sent to us come this day into Thy eternal covenant ; blood-bought, blood-washed, and united

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to Christ Jesus by a living, God-given faith in a risen Saviour."

The hour appointed for the morning service was characterized by the greatest solemnity. The worshippers gathered, while Nature offered to God her unwritten music of adoration and praise. The forest, the river, the fern bed, the home garden, and the far-stretching fields, had all a part in the inimitable harmonies of the majestic anthem.

The congregation that assembled in the forest sanctuary consisted of the farmer, his daughter, their friends, the guests at Bethesda, and young and old worshippers from neighboring farms. For, the evening before, Thomas Greaves could have been seen riding rapidly along the country road announcing the meeting to be held the following morning, and declaring the good tidings that Jesus of Nazareth was to pass by.

The service opened with hymns of praise, and the forest was vocal. God was there; and with the first note of praise the Holy Spirit began to do His work. There are such hours in life—hours that are God's climaxes, when He culminates the operation of days, or weeks, or months with a glorious ingathering, as surprising and as blessed as a painless birth.

Mr. Joyce officiated as priest in the Lord's house, and from the Book read of a Saviour from sin. Wonderful story! Surely this had never been read

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before, so fresh it seemed, so full of life, so full of glorious promise. And the Holy Spirit continued His work, wielding His sword in His own Almighty power. When Eleanor rose to speak the tide of joy and hope in her heart was full. Never before hundreds of people had she been more earnest. She knew that there were lost souls before her; and so great was her conception of a Christian's responsibility to every unsaved one whose life that Christian touches, that every lost soul in her presence came into her own soul's horizon. She did not preach to the congregation, she preached to the individual—"Wilt thou be made whole?" She pictured the agony of sin-sick souls with a power that only a once suffering one can manifest; and then told of the wonderful release with a rapture that only the Spirit-healed can know. "And who is He that can thus touch to life and to health the dead in trespasses and in sins? 'Tis He who cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah, glorious in His apparel, marching in the greatness of His strength; He that speaketh in righteousness, mighty to save. He bore our sins in His own body on the tree. The Lord hath laid upon Him the iniquity of us all. To-day the chains may fall from every sin-bound one. Jesus is strong to deliver. His name was called Jesus, for He should save His people from their sins. And there is no other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved. We, who

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were once darkness, but are now light in the Lord, beseech you to open your hearts to the Light of the World. Hear again the Saviour's invitation, 'Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Who will come to-day?"

Mr. Caldwell listened with bowed head. For years he had found no joy in life, and he and his wife had settled down to an existence of stoical gloom. They were rarely seen to smile, and but seldom indulged in the luxury of a tear. But now the light of truth began to shine into their darkened minds, the love of God began to warm their cold hearts, and a longing for better and holy things possessed these heavy-laden ones. And when Eleanor said, "He will give the 'oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness,'" Henry Caldwell rose to his feet, and exclaimed: "Then I'll come now!" And he came. His weeping wife knelt with him, and the Christ of Gethsemane healed the broken in heart, and bound up their wounds; and these two were saved with an everlasting salvation. They heard and believed, and had everlasting life.

Young Mrs. Morse, pale and tottering, had always believed that there is salvation in Christ Jesus; but salvation meant but little to her while she was the victim of neglect and abuse. But what was this?—"He carries the lambs in His bosom and gently leads those that are with young."

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Was there tenderness for her ? Then the Christ of God whispered to her His invitation of love and mercy, and at His feet there was rolled her burden of sin and sorrow and suffering, and this weary one rested in the Everlasting Arms.

Mrs. Griffin had lost an eye in the hard battles of her life, and she walked with a crutch. Also her soul was dark, for her cup had been a bitter one. But into her life that morning God ushered a hope of eternal blessedness. Eagerly she took His precious gift, and forgot her loveless life in the sweetness of Christ's love, and forgot her unlovely and scanty garments in the consciousness that she was clothed upon with the robe of Christ's righteousness. One after another came into the light and liberty found in Jesus.

To Eleanor and her friends the hour was a foretaste of heaven, and Palmer lifted his voice to God and cried :

" One more blessing, O gracious Father ! "

There is no hour from the cradle to the grave that is fraught with greater anguish than that in which one sees himself a lost sinner.

Since coming to Bethesda, Beatrice Joyce had felt that the world could never be to her what it had once been ; also she felt that her husband and his friends knew a joy which she could not share, and sometimes she wondered if her thought and life would meet with the approval of the great

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Judge of all mankind when the day of judgment came. These serious thoughts were new to Beatrice, for her home and the world had filled the life of the woman sought after for her beauty and grace. But now Eleanor's words burned their way into her heart, destroying the last vestige of her own righteousness and bringing her to the feet of Him whose word of forgiveness can change earth into heaven. She came to Jesus as the others came—a sinner seeking salvation by grace.

She coveted the joy of those around her, for great was the rejoicing in the forest sanctuary that morning. But more than all she coveted and besought the forgiveness of a Saviour so long rejected. With all the strength of her dominant soul she gave herself to the Lord Jesus, and arose from her knees born into the kingdom. Her eyes met Palmer's, and the devoted husband wept in thanksgiving to the God who had answered the prayer of twenty-six years. Then the forest rang with shouts of victory, and young and old swelled the chorus of praise to Him who had delivered them out of the power of darkness and had translated them into the kingdom of the Son of His love, in whom they had their redemption, the forgiveness of sins. The spiritually blind had received their sight, the leprosy of sin had been cleansed, the prisoners had been loosed, the poor had received glad tidings of

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great joy and had come into an inheritance of unsearchable riches in Christ.

During the meeting Farmer Johnson was the busiest one of the number, going from one to another with God's messages of warning and invitation, and pointing to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world. The tide indeed came in full and strong. Lives that had been loveless and unlovely throbbed with a love divine, and carried through all the years the beauty of the Lord our God.

CHAPTER XII.

THE WHITE LETTER.

THE joy that came to Mattie Colgate was not greater than that which now came to Beatrice Joyce. She followed her new Master with all the enthusiasm of her nature, and Palmer Joyce's cup of blessing was full. But the spiritual welfare of her daughters Adelaide and Edna gave Beatrice much concern.

"I feel like insisting upon their going to the meeting with us," she said, one evening.

"Oh, no! not that," replied Palmer. "Flowers, you know, will of themselves turn to the light if left in a window long enough. Let us live Christ before our daughters, and leave them in God's hands. I expect to live to see all of my children come into the kingdom." And he did.

Early in the autumn Mr. Morrington saw the need of lengthening his cords and strengthening his stakes. There was more room required for the night industrial school, also the mission hall would no longer hold the crowds who came to hear the gospel. The home expenses were now heavier, as

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the children had entered college; also a small orphanage had been opened a few doors from the Morrington home. For all these expenses Arthur's account was in a bank with an inexhaustible capital. For the orphanage as well as for the home and mission hall, the need was all supplied "according to His riches in glory in Christ Jesus." "All things whatsoever ye pray and ask for believe that ye have received them, and ye shall have them."

The winter came with its labors of love crowned with blessing. Dora grew, and her prattle and smiles brought sunshine to the home, and were sometimes lent to cheer the heart of Lucy. Clarence and Madeline were applying themselves to their books, leading in the college life, for which they seemed to be especially qualified. At Elim broken hearts were still healed by the Great Physician, and sin-stained souls were washed white in the blood of the Lamb. At Bethesda, Alice and her father studied the Word in preparation for their summer's work. The evil one was busy in Starton, as elsewhere, but God's separated children—a peculiar people—went forth to the war in the power of the Holy Ghost.

Broad seas divided this land from a dark land where God was not known. And one day, when the spring-time had come, Arthur received a message from the dark country: "Send some one to help us." A solitary missionary and his wife were

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there struggling against tremendous odds, having gathered around them a small band of persecuted native Christians. It was a cry from Macedonia. Who would go?

Immediately all eyes were turned to Eleanor. It meant to exchange much that was bright and beautiful for the gloom of a benighted country; to endure hardships, persecution, and perhaps death. But it meant also a sacrifice the thought of which she dare not entertain. She could not take her child.

Weeks passed, and no one offered to go. Another appeal came—stronger than the first: "If you love the souls of men and women for Christ's sake send someone."

In vain did Eleanor struggle to rid herself of the thought that her ministry was needed where men bowed down to wood and stone. The thought pressed upon her so heavily that she went to Elim and unburdened her heart to Mother Gray.

"If God is calling you," said Harriet Gray, "He will give you strength for the separation."

"But what of my duty to Dora, mother? You always taught us that our first thought should be for our babes."

"Yes, I did," said the mother. "But Dora will be two years old in August, and perhaps now someone can take the mother's place, and leave you free to go where you are so much needed. There is

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more than one home open to Dora, and nothing but your love for your child stands in your way. That must be a matter between God and yourself."

"Mother," exclaimed Eleanor, "would God ask this of me?"

"Well," replied Mrs. Gray, with hesitancy, "what did God do for you?"

And Eleanor answered:

"He so loved me that He gave His Son."

"Yes," replied the mother. "Sacrifice, Eleanor, is the first principle in God's plan of salvation for a lost world. He gave His Son, and Christ gave Himself. Shall we follow Jesus? To follow Him there must be sacrifice. The idol, whatever it may be, must be surrendered. No one has come into his full inheritance in Christ until he can say, 'I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless, I live.' To be crucified is not all. The resurrection life of victory and joy must follow. There must be triumph; and there will be triumph with every true sacrifice."

Eleanor left Elim stronger in faith and in love but still undecided as to the future. It was after many days of unceasing prayer that the light began to break. One night, early in June, she took the Word, and read:

"And I saw and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the living creatures and the elders; and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands, saying with a great voice,

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Worthy is the Lamb that hath been slain to receive the power, and riches, and wisdom, and might, and honor, and glory, and blessing. . . . After these things I saw, and behold, a great multitude which no man could number, out of every nation and of all tribes and peoples and tongues, standing before the throne and before the Lamb, arrayed in white robes and palms in their hands, and they cry with a great voice, saying, Salvation unto our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb."

As Eleanor read, her heart glowed with a warmth of love and adoration which she had never experienced even in her moments of greatest soul-exaltation. And when she read the Spirit's message to the churches, "Hold fast that which thou hast, that no one take thy crown," she cried :

"O God, give me a crown at any cost with which to crown the King of kings."

Then in a vision she saw the Lord of life and glory, and heard Him say: "Behold I come quickly, and my reward is with me to render to every man according as his work is." She saw the outstretched hand and heard the "well done" of the Master. And then she saw, arrayed in white robes and carrying palms, those of every tribe and tongue and people and nation. And amongst them were the souls she had won for Jesus.

In the stillness of the late hour Eleanor took from its hiding place a small jewellery case, and when she

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turned out her light and sought her bed noiselessly, she was wearing the white letter.

A day or two had passed, and Eleanor said to Gertrude :

"Mrs. Morrington, will you come with me on an errand this afternoon?"

Mrs. Morrington assented, knowing nothing of the preparation that Eleanor had been making. It was late in the afternoon when they left the house. Eleanor was carrying two travelling bags, and Gertrude led Dora by the hand. The little journey to Greensward Avenue was made in silence. Having been admitted to the house at which they rang the bell, Dora herself broke the silence by rushing into Lucy's arms and exclaiming with ecstasy : "Mamma says that I's going to be 'oor 'ittle gale until I'm a gate big gale."

Lucy burst into tears, took up the child and held her closely in the arms that had been empty for so many years ; and Eleanor returned to Tenth Street to claim from God a fulfilment of the promise, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee."

Preparations for Eleanor's departure were made hastily. When all was ready she spent a few days at Bethesda, taking Laura with her, and a few days at Elim in never-to-be-forgotten fellowship with Mrs. Gray and Muriel. Then came her farewell meeting in the mission hall, then her last hours

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with Dora, and she left Starton, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Joyce, for the great metropolis from which she was to sail.

A few days were spent in the metropolis visiting different missions and charitable institutions and hospitals.

Arthur Morrington had given to his friend Palmer Joyce a letter introducing the company to Dr. Morgan Day, house surgeon of St. Mark's hospital. Dr. Day was once a promising student at Starton University, and had not disappointed Prof. Morrington, who had hoped for large things in his future.

St. Mark's hospital was found in the western part of the metropolis, and was not so large as others visited by Eleanor and her friends. They reached the building about two o'clock in the afternoon, and were shown through the different apartments by Dr. Day. There was time left for conversation, and the company made themselves comfortable in the pleasant reception room.

"We have one very sad case here," said the doctor, "and I believe he is from home. He has been extremely low with fever, and his delirium has been indescribable. Even when quite conscious he seems to be in terror. I am sure the man has a history and is carrying a burden of sin. He came to us in rags, and yet he is an educated man, evidently."

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The fact that the man was in distress awakened Eleanor's interest, and she inquired:

"Does he give you nothing of his history?"

"In his quiet moments he is very reticent," said the doctor; "but in his delirium he dwells so much upon the wrong he has done to some one that we feel sure that remorse is making a hell for him. He says his name is William Caldwell, but he has a ring in which are engraven the names of Harvey and Eleanor, and I have no doubt that Harvey is his name."

The sorrows through which Eleanor had passed had schooled her in the art of self-control, and yet she had to lift her heart to God in much entreaty before she could trust herself to look towards the young physician.

Uncle Palmer came to his niece's relief by inquiring:

"Do you not think that a call from some one from his home would encourage him? If he is well enough to see me I should like to go to him."

"We might try," said the doctor, "if the ladies will excuse us."

The two went to public ward C, and there Mr. Joyce found Harvey Secord. He would not have known him had not Harvey in answer to Palmer's searching, but kind, look said:

"I am the man."

Dr. Day left the two alone, and went to his

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duties. The next afternoon Eleanor was admitted, with her uncle, as visitor to ward C. Nearing the bed of the sufferer, she took his wasted hand in her own.

"Forgive me, Eleanor," he said.

"I forgave you long ago," replied Eleanor, and her tears fell upon the hand she held. "I forgave you as God for Christ's sake forgave me. And you will not die. You are getting better; and when you are strong enough, uncle and aunt will take you to Bethesda, where you will begin life all over again. Only look to the Lord Jesus for forgiveness and for cleansing, and for health and peace in Him."

She knelt beside him, and for the first time since he last heard his mother pray he heard one plead with God for his soul. His eyelids quivered, while tears coursed down his hollow cheeks, and he murmured brokenly :

"God be merciful ! Oh, God be merciful !"

Eleanor bade him good-bye, assuring him that Mr. Joyce would come to see him until he was able to return to Starton. She then left him, claiming from her Lord the promise for Harvey Secord that "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out." And when Eleanor was far out at sea another soul was born again.

Eleanor sailed the next day at noon. Uncle

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Palmer and Aunt Beatrice clung to her until the last, and then returned to St. Mark's hospital.

Having watched the shores of her native land fade away in the dim perspective, Eleanor turned her face and her thought towards the land of her adoption—converted, cleansed, consecrated, crucified, and some day to be crowned.

The Author intends that whatever profits may accrue from the sale of this little book shall be applied in behalf of Foreign Missions.